Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy wayes, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if man-hood, good man-hood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wool-sacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'le never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'le stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? i'le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the

Hose,